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JEWELS OF HAPPINESS

BY

RUTH ANGELL



Published by the California Manuscript Co.
San Diego, California

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Age, Fourteen Years

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Sincerely yours,
Ruth Angell.

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*Poetry is the sister of sorrow;
Every man who suffers and weeps
is a poet;
Every tear is a verse; and every
heart a poem.*
—Andre

**Affectionately dedicated to the sacred
memory of my beloved
Mother !**

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DEC 23 1921

When the Children Come Home

Ain't no costly celebration
Half compares with one I've found,
When the holiday vacation
Brings the precious children 'round.
An' it fills me full o' somethin'
To see the love that's shown,
When the holiday vacation,
Brings the precious children home.

Toys are brought down from the attic,
Fer the son's kid—dimpled chap—
Dad forgits that he's rheumatic,
When he clambers o'er his lap.
All the house is filled with laughter,
An' the lonesomeness once known
Disappeared when news came, sayin'
All the children would be home.

An' I can't help thinkin' sometimes,
When those parents' souls have flown,
If in Heaven they'll be waitin'
Fer the children to come home.
An' I can't help wishin' sometimes,
That Heaven just might be
A gateway to the dear old home,
With Mother's love as key.

An' instead o' angels harpin',
I would hear my Mother sing
Just a dear old hymn of gladness,
Fer a sort o' welcomin'.
I would like to hear her sayin'
In that sweet way all her own,
"Father, all our prayers are answered,
For the children have come home."

When Daddy Tells Stories

Ain't no king in any castle
That I envy and admire,
Like a dad that's tellin' stories
To his kiddies' hearts' desire.
An' the fire is warm and cozy,
While our Tabby's sleepin' near,
An' the very air is thrillin'
With the story-tellin' cheer.

On the kiddies' eager faces
Upturned smilingly to Dad,
We may find the sweetest traces
That a child's face ever had.
When he tells of fairy castles,
An' of giants an' ridin' knights,
When he tells of elves and goblins,
An' of other fairy sights,—

Ain't no king that has his power,
For he holds them in his gaze,
He, the busy, tired-out Daddy,
Who has time for childish ways.
Mother's sittin' in her rocker,
Mendin' tiny baby clothes,
Listenin' while our Daddy's tellin'
All the sweetest tales he knows.

An' she smiles to see the faces
All a-glow with childish fun,
While she fondles each small garment,
Happier, most, than anyone.
An' I cannot picture Heaven
Any sweeter than this Shrine,
Built about the family fireplace,
At the story-tellin' time.

Now the little heads are noddin',
Baby eyes are not so clear,
While the tiny footsteps falter,
At the knee of Daddy dear.
Here they find a peaceful refuge,
Far from all life's troubled scenes,
With the story-tellin' Daddy
In the land of fairy dreams.

* * *

I Wonder

Sometimes I wonder if the wealth I now possess
Ever was, or ever will be less
Than the wealth that brought me such unbounded joy,
When but a simple care-free boy.
Sometimes I wonder if castles rich and fair,
Ever can, or ever will half compare
With those I built in boyish reverie.

Sometimes I wonder if the treasures I am hoarding now,
Are really worth the hoarding, anyhow;
Sometimes I wonder if they are as true, and pure
As all those cherished treasures that were.
Sometimes I wonder why the things I now call mine
Bring only half the joy a fishing rod and line
Did when a lad.

Sometimes I wonder if I am as wealthy as when
I used to tramp the wildwood and the glen;
Sometimes I wonder if I really do possess as much
As when I thrilled at the warm Spring's touch.
I wonder if being rich in money I have lost that gift
The greatest of all treasures, which can lift
The soul up unto Paradise.

Courage

Lend a helping hand,
Take courage.
By a friend in need e'er stand.
Give courage.
Smile at him who seeks the beam
Of the light that ever gleams,
Increase your courage.

If the storms rage all anew,
Find courage.
Pray to God and he'll give you,
Faithful courage.
Help the man who's down and out,
Scatter sunshine all about,
Help your brother who's in doubt,
Gather courage.

If the night seems dark and long,
Seek for courage.
Pierce the darkness with a song,
Keep your courage.
If you strive for what is right,
There will come a dawning light,
And you'll bid farewell to night,
Regaining courage.

If you're feeling kind of blue,
Cling to your courage.
Face the music—'twon't hurt you,
Keep your courage.
Work until your task is done,
And the light will surely come,
And you'll find your goal is won,
BY YOUR COURAGE.

The Strand of Life

A strand of beads is life so great,
A rope from Paradise,
And would you weave a feeble thread,
Within this strand of life?

Each day passed by in heedless thought,
Without some deed of cheer,
Will add no strength unto the strand,
Which bringeth Heaven near.

So when a chance comes,—take it;
And do some good each day,
For you cannot let the chances
Of life just slip away.

So tie the knots of courage,
At each end of the strand,
And you will have the promise
Of strength at either hand.

So keep on weaving good deeds
Within that strand of life,
And you will win a ladder,
To climb to Paradise.

Camping Fun

Cinders in your flap-jacks,
Spiders in your tea,
There's lots o' fun in campin'
Tho at times it's hard to see.
Tried to use a hornet's nest
Fer a sort o' shelf,
An' the boys all laugh and tease me,—
'Cause I'm swelled up on myself.

Ole burnt hash fer dinner,
In which we had a hand,
An' some feller 'stead o' pepper,—
Had to go and put in sand.
Went in swimmin' later,
An' any feller knows
It ain't no fun to feel a crab
A-hangin' on yer toes.

Ole dried beef fer supper,
It ain't a welcome sight,
An' WOW! did you say salty?
I guess you'd drink all night.
Off to dreams you tumble,
An' if yer chance to wake,
An' hear a noise behind you,—
It's jest a friendly snake.

An' when vacation's over,
An' you've packed yer trampin' bag,
An' you've started off fer home, boys,
You bet yer steps don't lag.
An' when that night yer' sleepin',—
In yer bed so snug an' warm,
To dream o' Ma's fat doughnuts
You'll have the comin' morn.

Yer glad yer home agin', boys,
With Ma, an' Sis, an' Dad,
This time is best of all the rest,
O' pleasures that you've had.
No more cinders in yer flap-jacks,
No more spiders in yer tea,
There might have bin some fun in campin',
But 'twas surely hard to see.

* * *

Lullaby Time

There's a beautiful land, very near at hand
To enter in, my dears, the fee
Is only a kiss, to the dear gentle guide,
And this beautiful land you may see.

'Tis not far away, at the close of day,
One only, my dears, needs must lie at ease,
On a kind Mother's arm, and be wafted away
To the land of fairies and honey bees.

Oh, dear little child, you are rich beyond words,
For yours is a journey, the price—but a kiss,
To the land where cares are never known,
And hearts are borne on the wings of bliss.

No safer boat than a mother's arms,
No sweeter pilot than her love,
No safer guide from all earthly harms,
Than she—an Angel sent down from above.

So dear little child, tho you may not guess
What a wondrous amount of wealth is thine own,
The sweetest of treasures you now possess,
When lullaby time brings Mother and Home.

Just You

Our little cottage is humble and plain,
The tumble down fence may need painting too,
There are holes in the roof that let in the rain,
Yet, what is rain, when I have YOU?

Our little cottage is Heaven to me,
When the toil and strife of the day is through,
And 'tis beauty in all its simplicity,—
For I have you.

And I know that you'll always be waiting there,
With a love that is strong and true,
O! even the humblest home is fair,
If it brings me you!

To be able to love you, to have you near,
Is all that I ask to make life's sky blue,
To know that forever I may hear
The voice of you!

And when my time comes to go to Him,
Tho I may not wish as others do,
If I only may hope—God knows 'tis no sin,—
That Heaven is you!

Out Where the West Begins

That place of mystery and childish wonder,
Where on many an unseen treasure we blunder:
Where only good will and honesty wins,
Out where the West begins.

There, where the world is one mothering soul,
Where only true kindness is the goal,
Where every man is his brother's kin,
Out where the West begins.

Where nature lies 'neath God's wide skies,
Where the sunsets glow, as the night draws nigh:
Where all seems to be in tune with Him;
Out where the West begins.

And 'twill always remain a mystery to me,
How any place so lovely can be,
And I'll always love—tho life's light grows dim,
Out where the West begins.

* * *

Stick To It

Tho the sun ain't bent on shinin'—
Stick to it!

Never stop yer work fer pinin'—
Stick to it!

Don't look like green persimmons taste,
'Cause that's yer time all gone to waste—,
Jis' take fer example—paste—
Stick to it!

Cling onter' jis' the slightest hope,
Stick to it!

Don't never sit aroun' an' mope,
Stick to it!

The sun is shinin' 'roun' the bend,
Your hurts and hearts will surely mend,
An' don't say quit,—until the end,

STICK TO IT!

When the Kiddies Play Show

Ain't no high-class entertainment
Half compares with one I know,
When the eager little kiddies
Start to playin' show.
They most tear the house to pieces
With their antics and their play,
But tho the house is topsy turvy,
We would have it just that way.

Ain't no audience so admirin'
Of the things the kiddies do,
As the Daddy and the Mamma,
Who enjoy the capers too.
An' the shadows from the fireplace
Flicker gently o'er each one,
All are kids in truth and memory,
Havin', simple, childish fun.

Mother laughs to see her daughter
Dressed in queer old-fashioned style,
Daddy smiles to see small Billy,
Tryin' to tease her all the while.
Then the fiery villain enters,
Graced by Papa's stove-pipe hat,
How he swings his arms and threatens,
Almost frightening the cat!

Now the eager voices striving,
Try to shout and cry some more,
Yet the little lips are smiling
On the peaceful slumber shore.
Tired eyelids are gently drooping,
Little feet refuse to go,
And night's curtain is descending
On the little kiddies' show.

Content

I have sought for castles and found instead, small humble cottages;

I have wandered o'er the world seeking riches and have found only small flowers growing at my feet.

I have sought for the biggest things that I may have content,
And have met only with defeat.

Then a weary, foot-sore traveler, come I back along my way,
Searching with lost hope for that which I crave most,
Spurning those shallow joys which once I loved,
For each joy which once seemed real is but a ghost.

I see the small humble cottages, and come upon the one that
we two called ours

There,—but it is not the cottage I knew as our own,
For there, in all its simple, unassuming structure
I find a castle, and a home.

There on our lowly door stoop I find you waiting—

Thru all these years of toil, and want, and lonesomeness,
Waiting to greet me, and to love me as before,
Giving me all your soul and pent-up longing in that one
caress.

Then I look down and see the small flowers bloomin' 'round my
feet,

Yet, flowers they seem no more,—but riches of a kingdom I
have found at last.

So it is with life,—we find that sweet content

In just the common things—those things which yesterday we
passed.

Mother Mine

I have found a Heaven!—Nay, there is no sound of angel
wings, no loud sound of Heavenly choir that sings,—
No pearly gates to bar my passage thru,—only the loving voice
of you

To welcome me.

I have found a Heaven! There is no starry crown to greet me
there,—no sound of Angel trumpetings to stir the still,
warm air,—

Yet, starry crowns may lose their lustrous sheen—would that
I might but gaze upon a dear lace cap I've seen
When kneeling at your knee.

Would that I my Paradise might gain,—unheralded by any
white-robed Heavenly train,—

Unsung by Heavenly choir,—theme of no sweetly echoing harp
or lyre,—

Yet happy, because I know that my Heaven here below
Is all that is Divine.

I've found a Heaven! I have sought and found it only in your
arms,—where I may rest safe from all earthly harms,
There I may see the love-light in your face,—see that dear smile
that years cannot erase,—

There I may look into those kind blue eyes,—and find my
earthly Paradise,

Mother Mine.

Creed

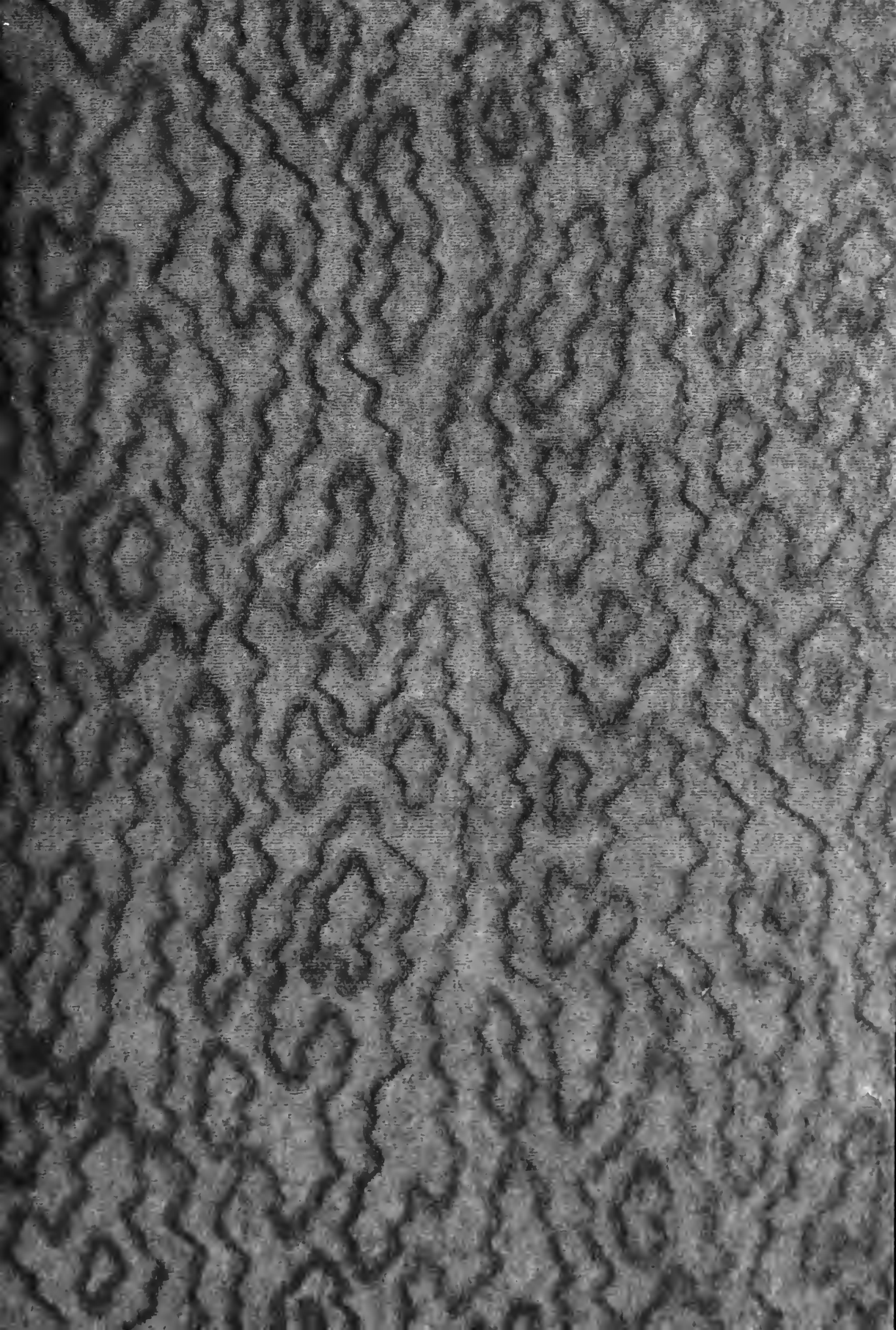
I see in nature the image of Him who changes dew to rain,
I wander o'er the hills of time and back again,
I see the tree, the flower, the bird, and in the very skies is heard
The voice of Him.

I seek the heights where no man walks alone,
Shut out from all that greedy men have known,
Travelling where wiser souls have trod, seeking the things of
God,
Far from all sin.

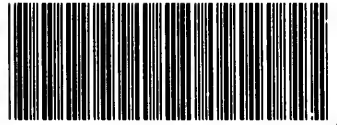
Open our eyes, dear Lord, that we may see,
Put in our souls, dear God, sweet thoughts of Thee;
Let us be swiftly freed, from that thing men call creed,
As e'en a child hath been.







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